Jos. M. Freedman Atty,
Lyceum Theatre Build.,
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Tenn.

Sunday - Apr. 15-17.

My precious Joe:—

I tried to write to you twice yesterday while at the dispensary and both times was interrupted; first by Lina Weigazenick, one of the girls from college, and the second time by Ada Berman and a friend of her's. Ada came down with her friend about 4 o'clock and stayed until I went home. In the evening Nell, Sadie, Zy and I went up to see some friends and it was quite

awfully! What are you doing, I am wondering?

I felt dreadfully blue when I read that there was a possibility of your not coming home for the summer — but what a relief when I read your second letter in the evening. I felt so blue all day — and had started to write you just as I felt and just what my heart kept saying — that you should come home, anyway. I want you so to come home — that — Joe — I don't

care when we returned — yet all the time you only, were in my mind and I wanted so much to write you. To-day we have a houseful of company — I do believe every aunt, uncle cousin that I have, is down to-day. Oh, I do wish you were here — carry on! — and fun! We are carrying on like nuts, dancing singing and laughing. Just now Izy is at the piano playing some Hawaiian music and I wish you could see and hear the dancing and music that is accompanying it. Oh! it is

know what to do or say. Yesterday
Nothing mattered — only that you
should come home — but to-day I
realize what it means as far as
money is concerned — so am waiting
patiently until about the 25th of
this month — waiting patiently and
hoping.

Joe, you shall have to forgive
the appearance of this letter — since
that tear by being spied one writing
(and he knew it was to you) said that
either I come in and dance with him
or else he was going to read my
letter. Naturally I wouldn't allow him
to do either and the appearance of the
letter is the result of the struggle.

But I shall get even with him. Truth as my hope, Hope